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The Critic

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1894

Literature

"The Brontës in Ireland"

By Dr. William Wright. D. Appleton & Co.

ONE COULD WISH that Dr. William Wright had been a wee bit more of a literary artist when he read the proof-sheets of his delightful story of "The Brontës in Ireland." Perhaps it is not fair to carp at work that makes for so much pleasure, so much intelligence of scarce understood phenomena, so much light upon literary history. But we have been hobbled in an eagerness to get forward with his narrative by too obvious comment and unnecessary parallel. Dr. Johnson late in life remembered the advice of an old tutor at that "nest of singing birds," Pembroke College:—"Read over your compositions, and wherever you meet with a passage which you think particularly fine, strike it out." Spartan obedience to this canon would have saved Dr. Wright his reminiscences of the Orient, and have left an almost perfect book.

Most of us who have read Mrs. Gaskell's depressing glimpse at the life of the Brontë sisters at Haworth, have arisen unsatisfied. Genius such as theirs was not accounted for by wondering admiration. It could not be sporadic. None had explained this question, which the novels force upon the reader—for the violence of passion and knowledge of life therein set forth were scarce to be expected in the household of a secluded parsonage. Now Dr. Wright comes forward with his notes of many years' industrious quest, to unriddle the Brontë genius, to make known how

"The music of the moon
Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale."

An *arrière grand-père* of the novelists, it seems, was one Hugh Brontë, a man of considerable estate, settled on the River Boyne, near the site of King William's victory. His business was the export of cattle to England, and it was while returning from Liverpool after a successful venture that he picked up and adopted a black-a-visored waif of unknown origin, whose fancied racial characteristics won for him the name of Welsh. This lad became the villain of the Brontë romance. Useful to his adoptive father, hated by the true Brontës, he soon had acquired a cajoling influence upon the family affairs. Although it was subsequently declared that Welsh had murdered his master and stolen his fortune, yet did fate prosper him. In turn he accomplished his wedding with the youngest daughter of the house and the speedy banishment of its rightful heirs. So complete was this victory that Dr. Wright has never found a trace of one of a numerous Brontë progeny.

Welsh Brontë, as he styled himself, lacked an heir, and to this place in his ill-gotten home was inducted a grandson of his master. The boy Hugh—in his time to become grandfather to Charlotte and Emily—was soon to discover that Welsh was not maligned. In his maturity he told a vivid story of oppressed childhood—a story which leads Mr. Andrew Lang to suspect that the Brontë talent for fiction was not confined to literature, for that keen critic professes but a limited belief in the lurid romance of Welsh. At all events, in Hugh Brontë there was a vigorous personality to which it needs no guide to trace the spring of the Brontë peculiarities. Hugh grew to adolescence in a wretched cabin, harassed by his uncle's sanctimonious servant Galleher, until one day he trouped the truculent menial and fled into the world. This adventure is one of undenial interest, for it is without doubt the foundation of "Wuthering Heights." Does not one recognize in Welsh the original of Heathcliffe, and in Galleher the archetype of Joseph? On Charlotte, also, the tradition of her grandfather left its stamp. Dr.

Wright quotes some verses attributed to Hugh Brontë, in which occur these lines:—

"The finest fibres of my soul
Entwine with thine in love's strong fold."

Who but remembers the effect of Jane Eyre's response to Rochester's question:—"Jane suits me, do I suit her?" "To the finest fibre of my nature, sir!"—a phrase admired of Swinburne. This, at least, is a remarkable co-incidence.

We are told further of Charlotte that she received for the copyright of her first three novels the sum of 1500^l. Such a price for such books—as in the case of the Baroness Jemima von Tautphœus—finds new support for the toast offered by the poet Campbell at a Literary Fund dinner. It is said that he proposed "The first Napoleon, simply because he shot a publisher."

There is much more in the book to which we might invite attention, as the heroic fisticuffs of the Brontë men, or the account of how an Irish uncle of the Haworth family cut a well-nurtured black thorn and set out for England, in search of the *Quarterly* reviewer, who had reviled "Curer Bell." The tale of Patrick Brontë's early life is rehearsed, and the libel of the name "Prunty" refuted. There are anecdotes which we warrant will deserve new Brontë enthusiasm. Dr. Wright is entertaining from cover to cover. Barring the occasional garrulity we have mentioned, this history goes forward as evenly as the *andante* movement in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. (See portraits on page 7.)

Social Life in Old New England

Customs and Fashions in Old New England. By Alice Morse Earle. Charles Scribner's Sons.

MRS. EARLE has made herself master of those archives of old New England, which have been so vastly enlarged within a generation. Though raking up many an old skeleton in the closet, she is reverent, and evidently believes that most of the morality and other good things of the Thirteen Colonies lay north of Long Island Sound. True, she takes within her ken the Scotch-Irishmen who settled New Hampshire and sprinkled their North-of-Ireland town names over the map, but she does not go back into the records of Old England, and it must be confessed that most of her gleanings are from print rather than manuscript, from books and newspapers rather than from original letters and writings. Consequently, a certain amount of her material really relates to what was imported into New England from the civilization of the middle and most northerly of the Southern States, a civilization which in several moral and most material matters was somewhat superior to that of New England.

Her style is delightful, and almost every page is interesting. She is not an historian but an antiquarian; she does not seek for, nor attempt to strike very deeply at the roots of things, and she is not happy at illustrating broad principles. Yet, within her own limits, she is certainly one of the most charming literary painters of the by-gone days of the six Eastern States. Having told us of the Puritan Sabbath, she devotes this volume to the social side of the Puritan's life, picturing him from cradle to grave. She treats of child-life, courtship and marriage, domestic service, home interiors, table plenishings, supplies of the larder and colonial drinks and drinkers. We ride with her on the turnpike road and understand the ways of travel and the mysteries of the tavern. With bright colors she shows that the inborn love of the Teutonic races for holidays and festivals could not be repressed even by Judaistic Puritanism. By larding well her pages with the bad spelling and quaint syntax of other days, she constantly reminds one of Artemus Ward and Samantha, for these people of whom she tells are real folks, and not

creatures of romance. Sports and diversions were common in the pre-Revolutionary days, despite popular ideas of Puritanism. "The Artifices of Handsomeness," though not so numerous, were evidently as much in vogue then as now. The chapter on "Books and Bookmakers" shows what wretched stuff had to pass for literature in the days of that glacial age, from 1637 to 1741, when the hailstorm of sermons and theological tomes killed every tender growth of fancy or imagination. "Raiment and Vesture" are displayed before us, and doctors and patients well described, though with hardly a hint of the little republic across the sea in whose universities the really scientific doctors received their education. Logically, the funeral and burial customs wind up the story, and we are made to long for "the simplicity of faith and the certainty of Heaven and happy reunion with loved ones which they felt so triumphantly, so gloriously."

To show her willingness to face the facts usually ignored by glorifiers of the Yankee Puritans, the author devotes one or two pages to the New England custom of "bundling," but does not seem to know how widely prevalent it was. Almost as a matter of course she refers it to the naughty neighbors of the Yankees, evidently not thinking it possible or probable that it should have come from England, though in reality it had been notoriously prevalent for centuries on all the coasts of northwestern Europe, from the Bay of Biscay to near the Midnight Sun. The facts revealed about servants in the good old times, when the red, black or white queens of the kitchen swayed their sceptres over "the missus" and shortened the lives of the elect, will be read with chuckling and sympathy by the women of to-day who wrestle with the same angels over the same problems.

"The Dawn of Italian Independence"

By William Roscoe Thayer. 2 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE HISTORY OF ITALY, from the Congress of Vienna in 1814 to the fall of Venice in 1849, has been written by Mr. William Roscoe Thayer, and published in two handsome volumes entitled "The Dawn of Italian Independence." The clearness and refinement of the author's style and his broad grasp of the subject from a philosophic standpoint make his book most entertaining and instructive. The forces which finally made Italy free were developed so slowly that it is difficult to trace them. Mr. Thayer first shows the lethargy into which the Italians had fallen under the influence of the Papacy, the Empire, and the development of small states from the Alps to Sicily. In Italy traditions had the force of new and irresistible impulses elsewhere. In the fifteenth century the little republics had each fallen under the control of some powerful family, which sought to perpetuate its dynasty, and, since the fourteenth century, war had become a commercial transaction in which he that paid best secured the ablest *condottiere* and the most troops. The gradual awakening of the Italians, which loosened the hold of tradition and gave birth to a common desire for national unity, and finally for independence, was inaugurated by Dante, whose "Divine Comedy" became the Italian Bible. The Renaissance—Italy's most precious gift to the modern world—rose almost to its zenith in the fifteenth century, and liberated the Italian intellect. But the process of educating the people to the degree necessary for the production of combined action in attaining unity and liberty, was astonishingly slow. The Revolutionary War in America set an example. Then came the French Revolution, when the Old Régime was attacked by members of the social system which had grown up under it; but the Italians were too divided and unskillful as yet to profit by the examples thus offered to them. When Napoleon reconstructed Europe, Italy not only failed to gain independence, she failed to gain even unity. She awoke from her torpor, however, and incessant campaigns and the military conscription made fighters of her people, broke down provincial barriers, and encouraged national spirit. But despotic Austria, fearing lest these new sentiments should become too patriotic, dissolved the native Italian regiments, dismissed the Italian officers, and sent beyond

the Alps the recruits she levied in Italy. The effect of this was felt at later periods, when too great a reliance was placed on volunteers. Throughout Europe, men seriously affirmed in 1848 that the old methods of war were superseded, and that thenceforth citizen troops, undrilled and equipped only with a righteous purpose, would overpower almost without effort the best-drilled standing armies. Out of Carbonari plottings to mitigate the tyranny of local despots, out of the failures of 1820, '21 and '31, out of Mazzini's Young Italy and the preachings of Gioberti, had developed a strong and abiding desire, not only for liberty, not only for independence, but also for unity, without which these could not endure. But the people must have a standard-bearer round whom they could devotedly flock, and a head to direct their ineffectual, because divided, enthusiasms. These they were soon to find in Victor Emmanuel and in Cavour.

"The History of the English Parliament"

By G. Barnett Smith. Ward, Lock, Bowden & Co.

THERE ARE MANY WORKS of a leading character on the English Constitution. Some of these consider its inception, some its development, and others its later expansion. It has been reserved for Mr. G. Barnett Smith to prepare the first full and consecutive history of the origin, progress and character of the political institutions of England from the earliest time to the present day. His "History of the English Parliament" represents the labor of many years. It is published in two handsomely bound octavo volumes, each containing about six hundred pages.

Vol. I. comprises eight books, in which are described the origin of Parliamentary Government and the early English Parliaments under the Plantagenets, the Houses of Lancaster and York, the Tudors, the Commonwealth and the Restoration. Vol. II. consists of five books, which give the history of the Parliaments of the Revolution, the Parliaments of Scotland and Ireland, and of Parliament in the nineteenth century. It contains also valuable Constitutional Addenda, including a translation of the Magna Charta of King John, from the original copy preserved in the archives of Lincoln Cathedral; the text of the Petition of Right, 1628; the Habeas Corpus Act, 1679; the Bill of Rights, 1689; lists of the Lord Chancellors of England, Speakers of the House of Commons and Prime-Ministers, and other data of importance in convenient form for reference. There is a complete index.

A large share of attention is devoted to that portion of Parliamentary history concerned with the earlier stages of representative institutions. England's history is distinguished from that of every other European kingdom by the fact that the continuity of the English national assemblies has never been broken. The earliest Parliament that can truly be called historical assembled at Westminster in November, 1295, but long before that period our Saxon forefathers had assembled for the enactment and alteration of laws and for the administration of justice. Their legislative assemblies were of Germanic origin, and it was in the village moots of Friesland or Sleswick that England was taught to become the "Mother of Parliaments." The shiremoot, or county court, was the real folkmoot, and was the most complete organization under the Anglo-Saxon system. All freemen appeared in it, either in person or by representation. The union of shires formed the kingdom, and the national council was the Witenagemot. This does not seem to have been a folk-moot, nor was it a collection of representatives, although it represented the people from the fact that it contained the leaders in Church and State. On great occasions the Witenagemot was attended by a concourse of people whose voices could be raised in assent or resistance to the proposals of the chiefs. In 1035 the controversy between the supporters of Hardicanute and those of Harold was decided by the Witan of all England; two years later the people elected Harold as their immediate sovereign, and the election was apparently confirmed by a vote of the Witan of all England. From that time to the present, England has been one king.

dom under one ruler. The first general application of the word "Parliament" to a national assembly was in 1246, a period precedent to the use of the distinctive title in the statutes. To the Great Parliament of 1265 has always been traced the origin of popular representation; but it was really only a parliamentary assembly of the supporters of the existing government, and it was not until 1295, when Edward I. gathered two burgesses from every city, borough and leading town within his realm, to sit side by side with the knights, nobles and barons, that the Great Council of the past became the Parliament of the future.

Facsimiles are given of the Charter to London, granted by William the Conqueror; of the writ of Edward I. directing the Sheriffs of London to return two members to Parliament; of the transcript of a return by assessors and constables showing John Hampden and others as defaulters in the payment of ship money; of Charles I.'s holograph instructions to Herbert relative to the imprisonment of the five members; of a portion of an indenture of return of two members to Parliament, showing the signature of Oliver Cromwell; of a warrant signed by Oliver Cromwell to pay various officers of the Parliament, and their receipts, among which appears the signature of John Milton; of the Speaker's order for the committal of the Regicides to the Tower, 1660; of a portion of George III.'s speech, made on opening his first Parliament, in his own handwriting; of the signatures and seals to the Articles of Union with Scotland, 1706, and of a letter from John Wilkes, written in 1764, about his conduct in Parliament.

The author's work has been thoroughly done, and the two volumes appear from the publishers in a substantial form corresponding to the dignity of their contents.

"Memoirs of Anne C. L. Botta"

Written by Her Friends. J. Selwyn Tait & Sons.

THE NUMEROUS friends to whom life seemed brighter and better for their intercourse with the late Mrs. Anne C. L. Botta have combined to pay a tribute to her qualities that will endure after the personal memory of her shall have died with the last of them. A poet and a prose-writer of positive merit, Mrs. Botta loved the company of her fellows in the craft, and her drawing-rooms were for many years as near an approach to a literary salon as this country has seen. All the celebrities of her day and ours were seen there, and carried away with them the memory of a pleasant, hospitable and brilliant woman.

The greater part of this book is composed of essays on her life and character, written by her friends, and forming a composite photograph of her mental and intellectual attributes, more complete and rounded than any biography from a single pen could be. Parke Godwin speaks of her "Personal Traits," Moncure D. Conway of "Her Personality"; Charles Dudley Warner records his "Impressions" and Edmund Clarence Stedman declares her "An Ideal Woman." Mary Mapes Dodge utters "A Few Words of Love," Kate Field talks of her noble womanliness, and others speak in glowing terms of her hospitality, her salon, her characteristics, her beautiful life and perennial youth. Julia Ward Howe has added "A Laurel Wreath," Wm. R. Alger "A Tribute," and Justin McCarthy has expressed his "Sympathy." R. W. Gilder says "A Word about her Poems," Edith M. Thomas sketches "Her Poetical Character," and on "Her Artistic Character" F. Edwin Elwell sheds additional light.

The selections from her letters, and from letters written to her, include parts of her correspondence with Kossuth, Emerson, Mrs. Lydia M. Child, Fanny Kemble, Frederika Bremer, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Dr. H. W. Bellows, George Ticknor and Fitz-Greene Halleck. This selection has been made with much delicacy, and is perhaps the most interesting (as it is for biographical purposes the most valuable) feature of the book. The last part of the volume contains selections from Mrs. Botta's writings in prose and verse, among the former being her "Notes on American Civilization" and descriptions of Newport and Washington forty

years ago. Among the poetry we note "The Unknown Builder of the Cathedral of Cologne," and the lines to Lamartine, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Peter Cooper and George Peabody. These "Memoirs" form a fitting tribute to a life that was beautiful in its aims and accomplishments and to a woman who made an appreciable if not a very profound impression on her time. The book is superbly printed on hand-made paper, and contains Mrs. Botta's portrait, with a facsimile of her autograph.

"Biltmore Forest"

By Gifford Pinchot, Biltmore, N. C.

IT IS ONLY within the last twenty years that the destruction of American forests has attracted public attention, and that steps have been taken to stop it, and to remedy, as far as possible, what has been spoiled. We have drawn for centuries on our seemingly inexhaustible capital of wood and never even considered the interest it might have borne. The question of replacing what we took was deemed unworthy of consideration, and even to-day, according to Mr. Gifford Pinchot, the author of this timely study, the idea of any care for the next crop was totally new to the men "working under his supervision in Biltmore Forest, and was slowly grasped in its full meaning." He refers, it should be added, to experienced lumbermen in his service.

Mr. Pinchot, who is the consulting forester on Mr. George W. Vanderbilt's North Carolina estate, prepared this account of his treatment of the forest and the results of the first year's work as part of the exhibit sent to Chicago. As this is the first practical application of forest management in the United States, and as the results obtained thus far are very encouraging, the report has great interest. It points out the possible value of the systematic cultivation of our forests, and demonstrates that such cultivation can be made profitable, the profits growing larger with each succeeding year.

Previous to its purchase by Mr. Vanderbilt, the estate was held by a number of poor mountain farmers, "obliged to use without reserve all the resources of their scantily productive lands." The cutting down of trees and their sale was one of these resources, and they also burned over their woodland for the sake of the pasture. By this process the best trees were eliminated and the less desirable left to seed the ground. The forest grew steadily worse in quality, for the fire destroyed the fertility of the soil, and the growth of young trees was cut down year after year by the cattle. When Mr. Pinchot took charge, in January, 1891, he found a state of things that promised to tax the resources of his science to the utmost. He began, of course, with the exclusion of cattle and fire, and then inaugurated a system of improvement cutting by which dying old trees were removed, giving additional light and air to the younger growths beneath them. He divided the forest into sections according to its needs and peculiarities, and prepared the road for the final adoption in the near future of the Regular High Forest System, under which trees of the same age are grouped together, so that there are as many separate groups as there are years in the age of the oldest tree. So well did he manage that the financial account of the year showed a deficit of only a little over \$300, the sale of the lumber having covered all expenses.

Another feature of Biltmore Forest will be its arboretum, for which a collection of trees and shrubs has already been made, and which will contain more different kinds and varieties than any other arboretum in the world. It is the intention to plant blocks of an acre or more of each of a very large number of American and foreign trees and shrubs along the line of a road, five miles in length, which will run through the most beautiful portions of the estate. It will be called the Arboretum Drive. This experiment, it is expected, will add many important specimens to the useful forest flora of America; and the conditions under which it will be made are more favorable than they would be in any other State.

The distinctive feature of this new departure, however, is

not its scientific but its practical side. The application of science to commerce, which is assuming larger proportions every day, is here made in an entirely new field. The aim is to improve the forest at the same time that it is made to yield a revenue. The undertaking will determine the value of the methods already in use, will suggest modifications and adaptations of the principles of forestry to American conditions, and serve as a school for the foresters and silviculturists this country needs. To those interested in the development of new sources of our national wealth, the pamphlet is heartily recommended.

New Books and New Editions

JAMES DWIGHT, M.D., is a well-known tennis-player of long experience, and "Practical Lawn-Tennis" is his second attempt at writing about the game. The style is simple and clear and the arrangement of topics excellent. The beginner at the game will be saved many mistakes by consulting its pages. It is the old story of profiting by the experience of others rather than learning all from our personal successes and failures. The book contains good advice about the making and keeping of courts, the selection of balls, racquets and shoes, the methods of holding and handling the racquet, etc. The various approved strokes are described at length and the description is re-inforced by illustrations taken from instantaneous photographs. Chapters are devoted to suggestions about the play in both singles and doubles. Match-playing and scoring and handicapping receive due attention, while the concluding chapters contain much practical advice about the management of tournaments. The work is handsomely gotten up and can safely be recommended to all who are interested in this fine game. (Harper & Bros.)—*"How to JUDGE a HORSE"* is the title of a treatise by Capt. F. W. Bach, who has written with the object of enabling purchasers of horses to make their own selections intelligently. The ability to estimate the comparative merits of horses for special purposes can only be acquired by long experience and constant practice, and a theoretical discussion of horse-judging is of little value, except to the experts themselves. While it is not believed, therefore, that any amateur will be made a competent horse-buyer by merely studying this little book, it nevertheless contains many valuable suggestions not only as to the judging of horses, but also in regard to training young horses, bits and bitting, saddles and saddling, driving, and stable drainage. (William R. Jenkins.)

THE TWO VOLUMES (XIII. and XIV.), constituting *Scribner's Magazine* for the year 1893, have been published, and show a most attractive list of contents. The Chicago Exhibition occupies, of course, an important place in these pages, the "Artists' Impressions," by W. Hamilton Gibson, J. A. Mitchell, Will H. Low and F. Hopkinson Smith having more than a passing value, which fact has been appreciated, for the sketches have recently appeared in book form. Mr. Doubleday's "Glimpses of the French Illustrators," Robert Blum's "An Artist in Japan" and Fred'k Crowninshield's "Impressions of a Decorator in Rome" are among the principal papers on artistic subjects, and Aline Gorren's article on the French symbolists, with an unpublished work by Sir Walter Scott the purely literary features, to which must be added Mr. Howells's much-discussed article on "The Man of Letters as a Man of Business," a facsimile of a Thackeray MS. in Harvard College, Austin Dobson's paper on Richardson and Alexander Cargill's on Izaak Walton. In fiction Mrs. Burnett holds the first place with "The One I Knew the Best of All," which is followed by Harold Frederic's "The Copperhead." In the "Historic Moments" series have been published during the year a sketch of the fall of Sebastopol, by W. H. Russell; Rob't C. Winthrop's account of the death of John Quincy Adams in the White House; Archibald Forbes's "Crisis of the Shipka Pass," and the excellent narrative of the nomination of Lincoln by Isaac H. Bromley. Augustine Birrell describes the House of Commons and its routine, and Ida M. Tarbell gives an interesting sketch of Madame Roland, with several portraits. The merchant sailor, the newspaper correspondent, the machinist and the country printer are among the men whose occupations have been discussed, while biographical sketches are given of the late Prof. Freeman and J. J. Audubon. Among the tales of travel, Angelo Heilprin's account of the Peary Relief Expedition holds first place, and the series of articles on "The Poor in Great Cities" embraces both this country and Europe. "The Point of View" is clever as it has been since it was first made a department of the magazine, and in the poetry are found the best names of contemporary literature. Vols. XI. and XII., forming the year 1892, show the same excellent choice of subjects, contributors and illustrators; among their contents may be pointed out William A.

Coffin's "American Illustration of To-day," Lansdell's "Bokhara Revisited," the articles on Charles Keene, and on the Paris theatres and concerts, Robert Grant's "Reflections of a Married Man," some of the articles in the series on Great Streets of the World, etc. The magazine displays most happily the *utile dulci*, and is in every way a periodical for the home. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

THE REDEEMING feature in "Rambles in Historic Lands," by Peter J. Hamilton, A.M., is the dozen illustrations, which are excellent half-tone reproductions of photographs of scenery and architecture abroad. The writer is a young man, apparently not long escaped from college, who went to Europe on his wedding-tour of three months (July 8 to Oct. 7, 1891). The trip is once referred to as of "four months" duration. He assumed that it would cost six hundred dollars, but it did cost twelve hundred, though he travelled second-class as a rule, and put up at the cheaper hotels and pensions. The tour included Belgium, the Rhine, Germany, Switzerland, Italy as far as Rome, and France; but there is nothing new in the record of it except what pertains to the personal experiences of the two travellers. Some of these might well have been suppressed, as, for instance, the third of a page about some "human pigs" who were their fellow-passengers in the cabin of a steamer on Lake Lugano. "Unable to stand it any longer," our tourist adds:—"I took a chair and sat down in front of them, and stared at them myself until they left that part of the boat. We expressed our opinion of them fully to each other, and were delighted later to learn that they understood English. I do not know what they thought of us, but I know that it could be nothing worse than we thought of them." In regard to another similar experience he says:—"If there is anything, however, I can succeed at with earnest effort, it is being disagreeable"; and we must admit that he can. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

THAT WILLIAM BLAKE has been unfortunate in his admirers is doubtless due to the fact that he was on many points what we would call a crank, and that, like all cranks, he was somewhat of a humbug. A person with a reputation for commonsense, like Gilchrist, could hardly afford to rate him at his worth, and a person with the opposite sort of a reputation, like Swinburne, was bound to praise him extravagantly. It is perhaps impossible even yet to take his true measure; but we have noticed that recent estimates have been at once more appreciative than Gilchrist's and more moderate than Swinburne's. Mr. Alfred T. Story's "William Blake, His Life, Character and Genius," is a brief but judicious account of the man and the poet. It is to be followed by a work upon Blake's art, in which the author promises to give full details of a recently discovered pedigree, according to which the poet and artist was descended from a branch of the same family to which belonged the celebrated Admiral Blake. The frontispiece reproduces in photogravure the miniature drawn from the life by John Linnell. (Macmillan & Co.)—THE RECENT CENTENNIAL of Williams College makes timely and welcome another memorial in the form of the publication of the late Mark Hopkins's address on "Modern Skepticism in its Relations to Young Men." The little pamphlet of 40 pages is written in the author's well-known terse and vigorous style, and winds up with the recommendation to "accept all truth and respect every honest doubt, and to be ourselves examples of that living faith which we would produce in others." Mr. Ira Hutchinson Brainard, who reprints the address from Dr. Hopkins's manuscript, furnishes a brief preface in which he attributes the famous saying about a log on the floor, a boy at one end and Mark Hopkins at the other forming a University to the late Dr. Howard Crosby of New York, instead of to the late President Garfield, to whom it has been usually accredited. (Fleming H. Revell Co.)

FOUR VOLUMES have been published thus far of the new Riverside Edition of Henry D. Thoreau's works, to be completed in ten. The four books referred to are, in the order of their publication, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," "Walden," "The Maine Woods" and "Cape Cod." They bear out in every respect the expectations aroused by the publishers' announcement, being well printed, and bound with becoming simplicity in dark green without stamp or gilding to mar its sylvan effect. The first of the three portraits of Thoreau promised with this edition appears in "A Week on the Concord." It shows the author at an early period of life, with dreamy, reflective eyes, and an elusive but unmistakable resemblance to Emerson. The introductory notes accompanying the volumes are full of interest and information, adding to the understanding and enjoyment of Thoreau's work in a hundred different ways. The edition, when completed, will contain not only all that has heretofore been published under Thoreau's name, but also a number of papers that have never seen the light. Another good feature of this edition is the rearrangement of his work, bringing the groups into better harmony, and gathering to-

gether all his miscellaneous writings into one volume, which will also contain Emerson's biographical sketch. The separate index to each volume is also of practical use. Judging from the four volumes already published, it would seem that this will be the final edition of Thoreau's writings, an edition edited with care and understanding, and satisfactory from every point of view. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—WE CONGRATULATE the lovers and students of English Literature that the Mermaid Series of our Old Dramatists is to be continued, after an interval of several years. The sixteen volumes already published had established the reputation of the series with scholars and critics for accuracy of text, good and sufficient annotation, tasteful typography and very moderate price. The 17th volume is the first of three to be devoted to "Ben Jonson," and is edited by Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, whose name is honorably known for his able work in Shakespearian investigation and criticism. The volume contains a biographical introduction of seventy pages by Mr. C. H. Herford, and three of the plays,—"Every Man in his Humour," "Every Man Out of his Humour," and "The Poetaster," filling nearly four hundred additional pages. The plays in this series are all unpurgated, as they should be for adult and critical readers. (Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

WE HAVE RECEIVED a group of five reports on certain features of the Paris Exposition of 1889, prepared by Prof. W. H. Chandler, Ph.D., F.C.S., as Commissioner of the United States. In reports of this nature it is perhaps too much to expect a really critical comparative study, the design being primarily to afford an account of the present state of the arts or industries discussed, and the report is therefore necessarily prepared in some haste. Prof. Chandler has wisely selected for special emphasis a comparatively few important topics to be treated so fully as to make the reports valuable at least to those interested in the particular subjects discussed. In the section on textile fabrics, wearing apparel and accessories, the report on jewelry by George F. Kunz is especially noteworthy. Twenty illustrations are given of pieces of jewelry from the Tiffany exhibit, and it is an interesting fact that the work of some of our Indian tribes afforded the models from which some very striking ornaments were developed. For example, a brooch is modelled after a Sioux Indian's horse-hide shield. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the report on mining and metallurgy is an account of the processes used in the production of aluminum and its alloys. A profusely illustrated account is given of five well-known chemical laboratories. In some cases not only the plans and photographic reproductions of interiors are given, but also details of construction of desks, apparatus, etc. The laboratories treated are those at Yale and Lehigh Universities, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cornell University and the Zurich Polytechnic School. In the section relating to hygiene and public charities, a detailed description is given of four pavilion hospitals, exhibiting the latest ideas in hospital construction. The Antwerp City Hospital, the General City Hospital at Berlin, Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, and St. Luke's Hospital, Bethlehem, Pa., are those chosen for illustration, plans, interiors and sections showing the systems of heating and ventilating being given. (Washington: Government Printing-Office.)

Two New Magazines

CERTAIN Englishmen have come to the conclusion that all the magazines in their country are too conservative, and they have therefore founded a new one "as an organ of independent and advanced opinion," the first number of which, for October, 1893, now lies before us. The editor is John M. Robertson, and the articles he contributes to this issue show that he is a man of some ability as well as of energy. He has an introductory paper in which he sets forth the objects of the new magazine and the principles on which it will be conducted, the intention being to take a more radical position on the leading questions of the time, religious, political and others, than is held by any other periodical. Men like Huxley, Morley and Spencer, it appears, are behind the age—they are merely transitional; and the object of *The Free Review* is "just to carry the transition further," but in what direction the editor does not say. Perhaps each writer is to strike out a path for himself, for we learn that "no attempt will be made by the editor to secure conformity to any fixed set of doctrines, or to tie down contributors to any one creed." This first number contains some articles of ability. The editor contributes, besides the introductory note, the beginning of a paper on Gladstone; Moncure D. Conway one on "The Pilgrimage from Deism to Agnosticism"; Ernest Newman undertakes the defense of Ibsen against the charge of immorality which has been preferred against him; William Renton writes of David Hume. He thinks Hume much too conservative, and is specially angry with him because he inclined to recognize the existence of God. Mr. Renton says:—"It is no discredit to a man that he passively accepts in his youth a belief as absurd as

theism, provided that on attaining the years of discretion he immediately exchanges it for pure Atheism; but this is precisely what Hume did not do. The man who at any period of maturity could deliberately speak of the belief in Deity as 'conformable to sound reason,' is a simpleton or worse." The editor says that this paper on Hume will be replied to in the next issue of the *Review*, but our readers will see that Mr. Renton, at least, is sufficiently "advanced." Mr. Robertson's essay on Gladstone, of which only a part appears in this number, is a study of the moral and intellectual qualities that have moulded the liberal statesman's career. It is a thoughtful paper, and will well repay perusal.

The financial management of this review will be different from that of any other periodical. The articles will not be paid for; but if there are any profits, they will be divided *pro rata* among the contributors, with a share for the editor as such. *The Free Review* will be published monthly, at one shilling a number, by Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London.

The Midland Monthly, a magazine born with the new year at Des Moines, Iowa, and published and edited by Johnson Brigham, erstwhile of the Cedar Rapids *Republican*, is devoted to "Midland" literature and art, the Midland referred to being Iowa and the States grouped about that central commonwealth. It will be representative of Western culture, reflecting the advance in letters, art, industry and commerce of its region; and its chief mission will be "to provide wholesome diversion and mind-stimulating entertainment for men and women who are engrossed in life's stern duties and burdened with its serious responsibilities." Among the contents of the first (January) number are "The Canada Thistle," a short story by Octave Thanet; some "Prairie Songs" by Hamlin Garland, one of them reproduced in facsimile from the poet's autograph; the story of the writing of "Sherman's March to the Sea" by the author of that famous war-song; the first of a series of articles on "Iowa at the World's Fair," and a paper on "Women's Clubs in Iowa." The February number will contain, among other things, a short story by Major S. H. M. Byers, in which will occur a description of the battle of Missionary Ridge, and a new paper in the Representative Men Series that is to form a permanent feature of the magazine.

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The Portraits of Bacon and Shakespeare.—A writer in a recent number of the English magazine *Baconiana* (now published quarterly at 25 Parliament Street, London, S. W., for five shillings a year) attempts to prove that "the so-called Duke of Devonshire's bust of Shakespeare," at the Garrick Club, is really a bust of Bacon; and that the Darmstadt or Kesselestadt death-mask, which has been the subject of so much discussion, was taken from the face of the philosopher, not after death, but in the year 1616, the date which it bears. On the other hand, the bust on the Stratford monument and the portrait at the Birthplace in Henley Street represent Shakespeare himself. The Droseshout portrait, in the Folio of 1623, is "a disguised or composite head," in which "the forehead, the eyebrows, the marked eyelids, and the long nose and hair of Bacon are caricatured, and combined with these the bold or stony stare, the long upper lip, the fleshy, beardless face and collar of 'Shaxpurre'." The writer finds evidence of this in Ben Jonson's lines on the page opposite the portrait:—

"This figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the graver had a strife
With Nature to outdo the life.
O could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass as he has hit
His face, the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass.
But since he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book."

The comments on the lines are "so rich" an illustration of Baconian logic that I cannot refrain from quoting a part of them (italics as in the original):—

"First, the engraver had striven with nature to outdo the portrait of Shakespeare. It is therefore not a true or natural portrait, but something exaggerated and unnatural. Next, of 'brass'; that was Bacon's symbol for impudence. In the 'Promus' he enters this note—'Brazed (impudent).' There is no doubt, then, as to the meaning which he will set upon this composite metal (brass), which apes the virtues of true gold and falls short of the fairness of pure silver. It is an impudent and pretentious metal, and so Bacon uses it in the 'Advancement of Learning' when he speaks of a man who would 'Brazed out his own defects.' You will remember how the same expression is used in the plays:—

"Can any face of brass hold longer out?" (L. L. L. v. 2, 395.)
 "Let me wring your heart," says Hamlet to his mother (iii. 4, 35).
 "If damned custom hath not *brazed* it so
 That it is proof and bulwark against sense."
 And in "King Lear" Gloucester says of his son Edmund (i. 1, 10):
 "I have so often blushed to acknowledge him
 That I am now *brazed* to it."

In both cases you see the very word of the "Promus" note—*brazed*, for impudent. * * * So that remark about Shakespeare's face being well hit off in brass does not seem to be altogether complimentary, does it? It seems to say, "Here is an impudent fellow! If only the engraver could have drawn his wit *his mind*, as well as he has drawn the face, the print would surpass in *impudence* all that was ever written." * * *

"Well may the author of the verses counsel his readers, since they cannot descry the true face of the poet, to look 'Not on his picture, but his book.'"

Dr. O. W. Owen's Baconian "Cipher."—I have received an octavo pamphlet of two hundred pages, with the title, "Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story, Discovered and Deciphered by Orville W. Owen, M. D." It is the first of a series intended to settle the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy by the publication of "a hidden story in Shakespeare's plays and other notable writings published in England from 1580 to 1623." This story is Bacon's own, and in it he claims the authorship, not only of Shakespeare's works, but also of Greene's, Peele's, and Marlowe's plays; all the works of Spenser, and Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." What is even more startling, this polyglot poet and philosopher declares that he is "the son of Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester by a secret marriage in the Tower of London, and therefore is the rightful heir to the throne of England." There can be no doubt of this, for Elizabeth herself acknowledged it to her physician just before she was "not only poisoned but strangled in her bed by Robert Cecil." For further particulars I must refer the reader to the pamphlet, which is brought out by the Howard Publishing Company of Detroit, and costs half a dollar.

The Ilion (N. Y.) Library

WE PRESENT herewith a picture of the Public Library given to the town of Ilion, N. Y., by Mr. Clarence W. Seamans of this city. The building was described in our issue of Nov. 2. Its picture is taken from the Brooklyn *Standard Union*.



Sir Samuel Baker

SIR SAMUEL WHITE BAKER, the African explorer, died on the afternoon of Dec. 30 at his home at Newton-Abbot, Devonshire. He was born in London on June 8, 1821, and was educated at English and German institutions. In 1847 he established, together with his brother, an agricultural settlement and sanatorium at Newera Ellia, in the mountains of Ceylon. The undertaking was successful from the start, but Baker retired from its management in 1854, going to the Crimea in the following year, and thence to Turkey, where he engaged in railway building. In 1861 he started on his first African travels in search of the Nile, Lady Baker accompanying him. Through 1862 he continued his explorations, and in 1863 met Captains Speke and Grant, the leaders of the Government expedition. On March 14, 1864, he discovered Lake Albert

Nyanza, and returned to Gondokoro in 1865. In 1869 the Khedive put him in command of an expedition with which he undertook to subdue the African wilderness, to destroy the slave trade, and to open up to civilization and commerce the African lakes, and to annex to Egypt the countries that border on the Nile. Lady Baker again accompanied him, and when he returned, in 1873, he had accomplished what he had set out to do, and laid the foundation of British influence in Egypt. He afterwards made researches in Syria, Japan, India and America.

Among his best-known books are "The Rifle and the Hound in Ceylon" (1854), "Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon" (1855), "The Albert Nyanza, Great Basin of the Nile, and Explorations of the Nile Sources" (1866), "The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia and the Sword Hunters of the Hamram Arabs" (1867), "Cast Up by the Sea," a story (1869), "Ismailia: A Narrative of the Expedition to Central Africa for the Suppression of the Slave Trade, Arranged by Ismail, Khedive of Egypt" (1874), "Cyrus as I Saw It in 1879," "My Tales for My Grandsons" (1883) and "Wild Beasts and Their Ways" (1890). Baker was knighted and created an M.A. of the University of Cambridge in 1866. He was a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of London and an honorary member of the geographical societies of Paris, Berlin, Italy and America. He received the Grande Medaille d'Or of the Societe de Geographie de Paris. He was a Deputy Lieutenant of Gloucestershire and Justice of the Peace of Devon. He had the orders of the Grand Cordon of the Medjidieh and the second and third classes, in addition to the second class of the Osmanien.

A Man that Hath Friends

THE WORDS of this headline might have been taken as the motto of the lines "To Brander Matthews," read by Mr. H. C. Bunner at the dinner to which Prof. Matthews was bidden by his friends last month. In our note, last week, we neglected to mention two of the best speeches of the evening—those of Mr. Stedman and Mr. Howells. Mr. Bunner's poem (practically an impromptu) ran as follows:—

DEAR BRANDER: I've been asked to get
 My Muse in proper shape
 On this occasion for to let
 A little poem escape
 From out the realm of private thought
 Into the world of light:
 To say a thing or two that ought
 To be said here to-night.
 It is the meanest job I know
 To sing a fellow's praises:
 You either say too much, or go
 And make him mad as blazes.
 So for myself I will not let
 One small word struggle through
 To tell the folks around me set
 Just what I think of YOU.
 I'll only say that Time has shown
 By instances in heaps—
 The way by which a man is known
 Is the company he keeps.
 That settles you. It's not my plan
 To say that you can write.
 But MR. C. D. WARNER can,
 And he's with you to-night.
 You may be utterly unfit
 White paper for to stain—
 I'll not deny the fact a bit—
 But—there's MARK TWAIN.
 Your way in life you may have missed,
 As author and as man:
 But MR. HOWELLS, Altruist,
 Can stand it if you can.
 I do not know if you can teach
 Sound English Literature,
 But PRESIDENT LOW is right in reach—
 He'll tell you, I am sure.
 I do not know, in point of fact,
 That you are any good;
 You may be quite devoid of tact;
 Your heart may be of wood,
 You may be no especial use
 Upon this mortal earth;
 You may be dull, obtuse, blind to gain,
 Remorseless, changed at birth,
 I do not know. But as I scan
 The crowd of various blends,

It seems to me, at least, you can
Everlastingly make friends.
And as I gaze upon the throng
That I around me see,
I'm proud to end this little song
By saying: One is Me.

SHERRY'S, NEW YORK, 20 Dec., 1893.

H. C. BUNNER.

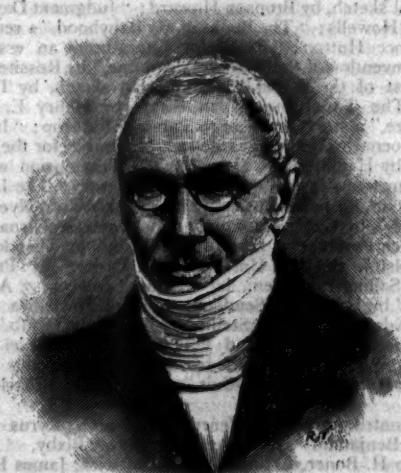
The Brontës

THE ACCOMPANYING portraits of Charlotte Brontë and her father, Patrick Brontë, are taken from Dr. Wright's interesting work,



CHARLOTTE BRONTË

"The Brontës in Ireland," of which a review will be found on page I of this week's *Critic*. The book is published in America by



PATRICK BRONTË

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.

The Lounger

MR. EDWARD L. MARTIN of Syracuse, N. Y., suggests that authors learn shorthand, write their manuscripts by that means and then give them to an amanuensis to write out. "If shorthand is written in this way," he says, "it can be read as easily by an amanuensis who knows the system according to which it is written as by the writer himself." I do not think that Mr. Martin is correct about this easy reading of shorthand notes. Stenographers tell me that it is almost impossible to read each other's notes, and that they sometimes have difficulty in reading their own after they have been written for any length of time. The best kind of notes for general reading are those made by the shorthand type-writer. I don't know what its technical name is, but I saw one at Messrs.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s New York office the other day and was very much interested in it. The young lady who was ticking off the notes on the machine said that she could write just as fast by hand, but that the advantage of the machine lay in its accuracy, enabling any stenographer to read the notes; also that they were easily filed away, and that, as the lines did not get rubbed, they were always ready for reference. These machine notes are written on a paper tape such as is used on the stock exchange "tickers." Now, if authors employed the shorthand machine, they could give their notes to an amanuensis to read; but I don't think that they would find their penciled notes easily deciphered. If authors' MSS. are hard to read even when written in long-hand, what would their shorthand notes be, when so much depends on the shading of a stroke?

THE MOST optimistic person I have talked with on the subject of the book business is Mr. C. T. Dillingham. He says that he judges by his own trade and what his clients tell him, and he has done a bigger business this year than ever before. He also states that the largest booksellers in New England and the Middle States tell him that they have nothing to complain of. I was particularly pleased to hear Mr. Dillingham speak in this cheerful tone, for, being a "jobber," he has his finger, as it were, on the pulse of the trade. "The American people must have books," he said, "they would die without them. When men work as ours do, they must have some recreation, and they can get nothing cheaper than reading. That incurs no expense beyond the cost of the book." "But what about the hard times?" I ventured. "I have heard that cry ever since I went into business," he answered. "I never yet heard people admit that times are good. They are quick enough to look back and say that times were good; but they hesitate to say that times are good."

I HAVE talked with other men in the book trade and have yet to find anyone discouraged by the outlook. They think that we may have a light spring business, but anticipate a good fall trade. The summer is always dull; that is expected, and no publisher dreams of bringing out books of any importance in the dog-days. But when the fall comes, they are all ready to fire their biggest guns.

I AM AMUSED at the title of Mr. Bellamy's forthcoming contribution to *The Ladies' Home Journal*:—"How I wrote, Looking Backward." Anyone who happens not to know of Mr. Bellamy's famous book will think that he is going to tell how he wrote with his head over his shoulder. The next thing, we shall have Sienkiewicz telling "How I wrote with Fire and Sword," or Mr. Gosse may tell us how he wrote "On Viol and Flute," though how he played on them would be more to the point; Prof. Ball might be induced to tell how he wrote "In the High Heavens," and Alan St. Aubyn how (or what) he wrote "To His Own Master." It would also be interesting to know why Rose N. Carey wrote "Not Like Other Girls," or what induced Miss Broughton to write "Not Wisely, but Too Well," or how Miss Mathers accomplished the feat of writing "Comin' thro' the Rye." And how, I wonder, did Mr. Savage-Landor write "Alone with the Hairy Ape"?

ADMIRERS OF M. Paderevski—and who is not to be counted among these?—will be interested in the series of his portraits at various ages published in the Christmas number of *The Strand*. We have him pictured at the age of three, at ten, at eighteen and at the "present day." There is no sign of his remarkable head of hair until we reach the age of eighteen. At three and ten it is as short and straight as the most ordinary school boy's, at eighteen it begins to be quite *daggy*, and at the "present day" it is what we all know it to be. The likeness of the baby Paderevski to the man is very striking. I know that most people smile sarcastically at these groups of portraits, "human documents." Mr. McClure calls them, but I find them very interesting. If the evolution of plants is worth studying, why is not that of men?

MR. HENRY B. BARNES of A. S. Barnes & Co. and the American Book Co. writes to me as follows:—"I have read with interest your reference to Fourth Avenue as a location for publishers, and beg to commend your views as being timely and correct. The stretch from 17th Street to 23d Street on Fourth Avenue is particularly well adapted to the book trade, as the prices are not yet exorbitant, while the spot is most convenient and central. The avenue has all the advantages of being a thoroughfare in close proximity to the other thoroughfares and the great lines of rapid transit as well as the crosstown lines, without some of their more serious disadvantages—such as the elevated structures and the cable. I hope you will encourage in all ways open to you an early

migration of the great publishers into this region." Nothing would encourage such a migration as Mr. Barnes desires to see more effectually than the removal to *The Critic's* neighborhood of the two houses in which he himself is largely interested.

MR. JOHN IRVING ROMER, the editor and proprietor of *Printer's Ink*, recently delivered an address on the "First Principles of Advertising" before the University of Pennsylvania's School of Journalism that has many interesting facts in it. Advertising in these days has become an art, and good writers and good artists are not above engaging in it. Catchwords are among the best forms of advertising. If an advertiser can invent a phrase that sticks in the public mind, he has done a good thing for his business. Mr. Romer estimates that not less than \$200,000,000 are spent annually in advertising. His remarks on the general subject of advertising are worth reading by all persons interested in that line of business. I may say right here that during the last twenty years there has been a great change in the class of people engaged in the advertising business. Nowadays it is considered quite as dignified to sell advertising space as to sell books or any thing else that people want.

WILLIAM EDWARD NORRIS, the novelist, lives at Torquay, in a picturesque old house presided over by his daughter. He loves music, horses and golf, plays the latter game religiously every day and is Secretary of the Torquay Golf Club. He is most methodical in his work, to which he devotes every afternoon from three to six. He prepares the plans for his novels first in a rough draft, draws up a skeleton, maps out the chapters, outlines his characters, and never starts to write until all this has been done. He declares that it is a puzzle to him why people like his novels, as "they never turn out what he means them to be." He is the son of the late Sir William Norris, formerly Chief Justice of Ceylon, and at one time contemplated entering the diplomatic service, which fact throws light upon the atmosphere of most of his books.

"HERE'S A NICE BIT of anachronism from a Birmingham (England) bookseller's catalogue," writes W. I. F., from Amherst College Library:—

'6 Bartolozzi.—Grand Old Portrait of Lord Cornwallis, etc., in his Official Robes, standing on an eminence overlooking the Town and Straits of Gibraltar, while stretching away in the background, several ships are steaming along the Straits, and emitting huge clouds of smoke, through which numerous large buildings are seen, and thus make the scene highly picturesque. Framed in appropriate brown and gold, 21 by 18 inches, very scarce, a bargain, 99. 6d.'

MR. CHAMBERS BAIRD writes to me from Ripley, Ohio:—"Permit me to call your special attention to Robert Louis Stevenson's new story 'The Ebb-Tide' now appearing serially in the Sunday papers—a thrilling and chilling tale. Part II., chap. 7—the last instalment published (Dec. 24)—contains a most surprising mention of Mr. Ward McAllister, whose name and fame have verily penetrated to the ends of the earth and the islands of the South Seas. The mention is not particularly pleasant or complimentary, however, and were the noted society and 'literary' man of a belligerent disposition, and Mr. Stevenson within reach, we might be entertained by a speedy report of negotiations looking to coffee and pistols for two." The passage referred to by Mr. Baird occurs in a profane speech by one of the characters in Mr. Stevenson's story (by name "Capt. John Davis, alias Brown") which reads as follows:—"I sized him straight up. Here's the real article, I said, and I don't like it; here's the real, first-rate, copper-bottomed aristocrat, same as what Ward McAllister would lick the boots of, and like the taste of them."

"Liber Scriptorum"

THE UNIQUE BOOK WRITTEN AND PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHORS CLUB

THE BOOK OF THE Scribes has been published, and its parents, the members of the Authors Club may well be proud of its appearance and contents. Like a good child, the "Liber Scriptorum" is expected to provide a home for the authors of its being, who, during the ten years of their club life, have migrated from one end of the town to the other in search of an evening's pleasant meeting, and have reached the conclusion that the time has come to have a club-house of their own. The proceeds of the sale of the 250 copies of "Liber Scriptorum" will form the nucleus of a fund for securing that home; the price, \$100 per copy, being very low indeed, when the unique contents of the book and the smallness of the edition are taken into consideration.

It is the work of over one hundred American writers, and every

poem, essay and sketch is signed by its author. Some of the signatures were obtained with great difficulty, as several of the contributors were travelling in Europe, one was in Japan, another in the Hawaiian Islands, and still another—the most troublesome of all—was constantly crossing the Atlantic. The sheets to be signed were sent to all these roving writers in special tin boxes covered with elaborate labels, printed in four languages, appealing to custom house officials for protection in the name of letters and of art; and the sheets returned all in good order from Rome, Naples, Paris, Constantinople and other foreign places. The rest of them were signed at the homes of the authors in this city, or at the De Vinne Press, which has given a superb typographical dress to the book. The paper on which it is printed was made in Holland, each sheet bearing the Club's water-mark, and the leather binding, tastefully stamped and tooled, completes its outer appearance with artistic luxuriance.

Here are the titles of some of the articles:—"Flammandia Moenia Mundi," a fireside study, by Henry M. Alden; "Russian Rule as It Is Felt by Ten Millions of the Unorthodox," by Poulney Bigelow; "The King's Bastard," by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen; "A Song of Nests," poem, by Richard Rogers Bowker; "The Books of an Old Boy," by Noah Brooks; "The Place of Comenius in the History of Education," by Prof. Nicholas Murray Butler; "The Ghost of Sable Island," a ballad by Will Carleton; "Genius Illustrated from Burns," by Andrew Carnegie; "The Fate of the Ninth Legion," a story of Roman rule in Britain, by John Denison Champlin; "Noon in the Hills," a poem, by John Vance Cheney; "Scholarship and Politics," an essay, by William Conant Church; "Upon the Benevolent Effects of Ridicule," a skit, by Mark Twain; "My Acquaintance with Abraham Lincoln," by Alvan Jasper Conant; "Our Summer Life at Wianno," by Moncure Daniel Conway; "In Defence of the Dead," a Virginia story, by Edward Eggleston; "The Literary Disadvantages of Living Too Late," an essay, by George Cary Eggleston; "Cordelia and the Moon," by Harold Frederic; "Bards," a poem, by Richard Watson Gilder; "A University Problem," by President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins; "The Germans in America," by Parke Godwin; "Duality," a poem, by Arthur Sherburne Hardy; "The King's Touch," a didactic poem, by Henry Harland (Sidney Luska); "Euthanasia," a sonnet, by John Hay; "Schubert," a poem, by William J. Henderson; "La Ignorée," the story of a song, by Ripley Hitchcock; "History in a Play," a technical sketch, by Bronson Howard; "Judgment Day," a poem, by W. D. Howells; "The Books of My Babyhood," a reminiscence, by Laurence Hutton; "Relief for Literature," an essay setting forth the invention of the "literary dead line," by Rossiter Johnson; "The Crest of the World," a Himalayan sketch, by Thomas W. Knox; "The Tannhaeuser," an essay, by Henry E. Krehbiel; "Elsewhere," a story, by George Parsons Lathrop; "In the Fire-light," a poem, by Walter Learned; "My Search for the Goddess," a sketch, by Hamilton W. Mabie; "The Transfusion of Indigestion," a humorous essay, by Brander Matthews; "The Lex Loci of the Hired Girl," a humorous essay by Edgar Wilson Nye; "Lowell at Harvard," by George E. Pond; "A Bearer of Dispatches," by Gen. Horace Porter; "A Shot at a Bull Elk," by Theodore Roosevelt; "Tolstoi, and the Unseen Moral Order," by Prof. Josiah Royce; "Sailing," a poem, by Clinton Scollard; "A Triad of Worthies," by Horace E. Scudder; "Fin de Siècle," a meditative poem, by Edmund Clarence Stedman; "Pomona's Club," by Frank R. Stockton; "Literature and Philosophy," by Daniel Greenleaf Thompson; "Joy and Duty," by the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke, and "Literature in a Dress-Suit," an essay by Charles Dudley Warner.

Other contributors are Henry Abbey, O. Cyrus Auringer, Marcus Benjamin, James Thompson Bibby, Alexander Black, John H. Boner, Arthur Elmore Bostwick, James H. Bridge, Elbridge S. Brooks, William Carey, William Henry Carpenter, Edward Cary, Titus M. Coan, Theodore Low De Vinne, Maurice Francis Egan, Henry R. Elliot, George H. Ellwanger, William Dudley Foulke, William Hamilton Gibson, Charles de Kay, William L. Keese, James B. Kenyon, Leonard Kip, Joseph Kirkland, Percival Lowell, James M. Ludlow, Albert Mathews, William S. Mayo, Theodore H. Mead, Edwin Wilson Morse, James Herbert Morse, Charles Ledyard Norton, Bernard F. O'Connor, Duffield Osborne, Raymond S. Perrin, David L. Proudfit, Charles Henry Phelps, George Lansing Raymond, Howard Seely, John Lancaster Spalding, Munroe Smith, William J. Stillman, Francis Hovey Stoddard, Oscar S. Straus, Stephen Henry Thayer, John C. Van Dyke, Edward S. Van Zile, William S. Walsh, William Hayes Ward, George E. Waring, Jr., Charles Henry Webb, Charles Goodrich Whiting and Francis Howard Williams.

Rossiter Johnson, 1 Bond Street, the Secretary of the Club, and any other member, will receive subscriptions. The Authors Club was organized in 1882 at 103 East 15th Street, and was incorporated in 1887.

London Letter

RUMORS—VERY FAINT as yet—have reached London of the coming of a new Continental dramatist, who is, it is suggested, to step upon the pedestal from which the exertions of Mr. Clement Scott are supposed to have thrust Ibsen. Rumors of this kind cannot be taken too freely at the outset: we see so many mountains in labor from week to week for the birth of absurd mice. But interest is legitimately aroused by the report that has reached us of Gerhart Hauptmann, the Ibsen of Berlin. He is, it seems, not more than thirty years old, and his literary career is confined to the last eight years, during which time he has essayed poetry, fiction and the drama. It is in the latter field that he has attracted most attention, the most notable of his plays being "Before Sunset." His literary temperament is spoken of as one of extreme gloom, unrelieved by any shaft of humor. He deals principally in *genre* sketches of life in the mines and among the laboring population, and he has not escaped the influence of the domestic problem of married happiness. More than these facts, and the further one that he was born in Silesia in 1862, I have not been able to learn; but doubtless we shall hear more details later on. In the meantime there is all the interest of expectancy.

During the present week a meeting has been held at Bradford in Yorkshire, to discuss the possibility of erecting a Brontë Museum and starting a Brontë Society in that town. The notion was first entertained by Mr. W. W. Yates of Dewsbury, and the plan proposed is the collection of all personal relics, manuscripts, sketches and the like which are accessible, and the formation of a perfect library of all the Brontë works, and of all the literature which has been written with reference to the family. I believe that the plan has not as yet taken a definite and final shape, but the romantic interest felt in the Brontës is so great that there ought to be no difficulty in finding the necessary funds. Possibly the relics will be exhibited in London first, as such an arrangement would certainly lead to large pecuniary assistance. And, after all, it is generally the purse that runs short in these enterprises—not the enthusiasm.

For some time past bibliophiles and bibliographers have been interested in the news that Mr. Edmund Gosse was preparing a catalogue of his library, and for the last few months it was known among his intimate friends that the result of Mr. Lister's care and culture was in the hands of the Ballantyne Press. To-day, as a delightful Christmas present for his subscribers, Mr. Gosse places the volume in their hands. And a beautiful piece of work it is. It is bound in white buckram, with gold ribbons to tie it, and in the top left-hand corner is a facsimile in gold of Mr. Gosse's familiar book-plate, the work of Mr. E. A. Abbey. But charming as the outside is, it is the letter-press that is, after all, invaluable, and even the least bibliographical will find the book thoroughly fascinating. There are, of course, two values open to the perfect catalogue: on the one side, the purely literary; on the other, the bibliographical. I can conceive a catalogue which would appeal to no one but the bibliophile—full of important facts, no doubt, but facts of the dry-as-dust order, enumerations of rare title-pages and curious bindings, pages of dates and details which the general mind would reel before. But Mr. Gosse's catalogue knows a more excellent way than this.

It was his fortune to grow up in friendship with so many of the most interesting literary figures of the day, to exchange with them his early volumes and receive from them their first dedications, that the more modern part of his catalogue is a veritable feast of friendship and of wit. Austin Dobson, Andrew Lang, Robert Louis Stevenson, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, even Swinburne and Gabriel Rossetti were among the friends of his literary adolescence, and from them he has received a store of first editions, enriched by what is far more interesting to the mere student of matter—personal inscriptions and original poems which can never see the light outside the pages of this catalogue, whose impression is restricted to sixty-five copies. So full of charm is this portion of the work that your correspondent, who is essentially of modern taste, is tempted to spend all his time in its perusal. But I am reminded that my readers may be bibliophiles, and so I must stay a moment to note the older treasures of Mr. Gosse's shelves.

Here we find a collection of Drydens, unequalled probably in any collection, private or public, of Popes, of Massingers, and of Shirleys. Here, too, besides the volumes already familiar to us as the material of "Goss in a Library," are a rich set of Restoration Plays, and a collection of the novels of Fielding, Richardson and Smollett, absolutely complete, with the single exception of Richardson's "Pamela." But these books, valuable as they are, appeal more closely to the historian, and I must now permit myself the rare pleasure of letting the readers of *The Critic* into a few of the secrets of Mr. Gosse's more intimate books. If Mr. Locker-Lampson's catalogue—also the work, by the bye, of Mr. Lister—contained more rarities, it was certainly not so fortunate

in its *personalia*. And first let me turn to Tennyson. Mr. Gosse has "Timbuctoo" and the Poems of 1833, the latter of which is extremely rare. But here it stands, in its original boards, side by side with the two-volume edition of 1842, the edition through which Tennyson passed into fame. Mr. Gosse's copy was once Bryan Waller Procter's, and contains two couplets in Procter's autograph, inserted into "Locksley Hall," which afterwards saw the light of print in "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." It would seem as though Procter saw them in some original draft of the poem, and determined that they should not escape his memory.

But I must pass by the original leaflet of "The Welcome to Alexandra" and the first manuscript of "The Throstle," both of which are in the catalogue, and come to some of the unique inscriptions in the presentation volumes. Among these, one of the most singular is that upon the fly-leaf of Mr. Saintsbury's edition of Dryden. Mr. Saintsbury has been known among his friends for a skilful maker of verse, but he has never allowed himself to print his work in this line. But here is the first copy of verses he has ever submitted to type—and very graceful lines they are, in which he

"Cries to DRYDEN's reverend ghost—
'Oh! glorious JOHN! forgive my boast,
Nor make this dread addition to it—
Fool! you have shown how—not to do it.'"

Among the curiosities of Robert Louis Stevenson is a pamphlet of twelve pages, set up by Mr. Lloyd Osbourne on a toy-press, with the sounding title "Moral Emblems." The wood-cuts for this were also Mr. Osbourne's work. There is, too, an elegy on some lead soldiers, written by Mr. Stevenson and printed in the same way. In the corner Mr. Stevenson has written in his own hand:—

"The verse is mine, the printing done by Sam,
The Boss of printing Bosses;
This copy, of the first edition last,
I testify is Gosse's."

There are several original poems by Mr. Austin Dobson, not one of which, as it seems to me, is below the level of its author's best. I wonder if I may quote one here? It is dated October xvii., 1885, and stands at the opening of an edition of 75 copies of "At the Sign of the Lyre":—

"Book against book." "Agreed," I said;
But 'twas the truck of Diomed!
—And yet, in Fairy-land, I'm told,
Dead leaves—as these—will turn to gold.
Take them, Sir Alchemist, and see!
Nothing transmutes like sympathy."

I exceed my space, but must not end without an allusion to the Prize Poem, "Alaric at Rome," which was written during his Rugby days by Matthew Arnold. Mr. Gosse, I believe, picked this up by chance upon a bookstall, and, struck with the strength of its style, wrote to Matthew Arnold to ask if he were the author. Upon which the critic wrote, confessing himself, "Yes, 'Alaric at Rome' is my Rugby Prize Poem. I think it is better than my Oxford one. 'Cromwell,' only you will see that I had been very much reading 'Childe Harold.'" But I must positively gather no more from this garden of good things. With Mr. Austin Dobson's epilogue your readers are already familiar.

If all bibliography formed so golden a harvest, who should dare to speak of its riches as the scrapings of dust and deskwork?

LONDON, 23 Dec., 1893.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

WHAT A PRETTY and pathetic story lies in the fact that Harvard College receives an endowment from an old Negress who was once a slave. It is the widow's mite again, but I warrant more interest will be aroused by this gift of \$4000, than by many larger sums offered in a perfunctory way. The sum, which represents the entire value of the estate left by Mrs. Harriet Hayden, is to found a scholarship for the benefit of poor and deserving colored students, medical students being preferred. If no colored student enters Harvard in the year after the testator's death, the estate goes to the Home for Aged Colored Women.

Readers of *The Critic* will remember that two colored Harvard students have been honored by their comrades in recent years with positions of honor at graduation, and it may be that this fact was what moved Mrs. Hayden to make the bequest. It is not, however, the first time that Harvard has been remembered by colored persons. The most interesting circumstance connected with this last gift lies in the history of the donor. She was the widow of Lewis Hayden, a former slave who escaped to the North, became the friend of Garrison, Phillips, Sumner and Wilson, and passed his last days in an official position at the State House. Lewis Hayden, his wife and his child, were all born in slavery. The father

and mother, with their baby son, fled from Kentucky some sixty years ago and reached Canada in safety; but Calvin Fairbanks, the man who conveyed them across the Ohio River, and who now survives at the age of 76, was flogged and jailed by the enraged pursuers. How pleasant it is to know that the grateful slave afterwards paid \$650 to Kentucky slave-holders to secure the release of his benefactor. After the Haydens had settled in the North, they established a school for colored people and then a church, Lewis Hayden becoming its pastor. Then excitement again entered into his life for, after attempting to stir up a slave insurrection in Louisiana, he helped to take from custody in Boston the fugitive slave Shadrach, and for this was arrested. His home became a rendezvous for escaped slaves, and it is said that when William and Ellen Crafts were concealed there, a keg of powder was placed near at hand ready to be exploded if an emergency should demand it. The son whom the parents had brought away in safety from the South entered the naval service of the United States when he grew up, and died in the War, I believe.

Personally, I have always been very much interested in the work of Arlo Bates, not only for the quality of his poems, but also from admiration for his ability and success in keeping so many literary ironies hot at once, and as I think that many others are also interested in his personality, I am going to quote a few of his words regarding some of his best-known books. Speaking of "A Wheel of Fire," which is generally regarded as his leading novel, he says that it had its origin in the advice of Mr. Howells. After evolving the plot, with its sombre dependence on hereditary insanity, he decided not to write the story out because it seemed so gruesome, and so told Mr. Howells. But the latter urged him to put the plot upon paper immediately: it was too good an idea, he said, to be lost. So Mr. Bates followed his advice. And yet, a curious appendix to this story lies in the fact that it was Mr. Howells who advised the publishers to suppress another novel by Mr. Bates, called "Ties of Blood," because he regarded the plot as too shocking, in that it pictured a girl who erroneously supposed that she had married her own brother. This latter work, therefore, remains practically unpublished, although Mr. Bates did run it in the columns of *The Sunday Courier* when he was its editor. He says, by the way, that his first book, "Patty's Perversities," was written in the most difficult manner imaginable, during the odd moments when he could leave his editorial work on the *Courier* in the first year of his service on that paper—1880. Mr. Bates himself regards "The Pagans" as his favorite work, although he took the most pleasure in writing his "Oriental Tales." He is now at work upon a novel called "The Puritans," in which the same people that figured in "The Pagans" will appear; and of course he hopes that this will be the best of his stories. The first money he ever earned with his pen was \$3 received from *The Portland Transcript* for a little sketch which its author, then nineteen years of age, wrote while attending Bowdoin College.

Miss Nora Perry finds it difficult to select any one poem among those she has written which could be definitely called her favorite. Her letter, which I will not quote word for word, as I obtained it for use in a series elsewhere, decides definitely, however, on two of the works she regards with the most favor. They are the poems "Wendell Phillips" and "Cressid." These two, she says in her letter, are as the two sides of the shield, representing her best work as a whole. "Wendell Phillips," she adds, was written from stress of personal feeling, the sudden, individual need of expressing the regret and appreciation that rose up at the news of the death of a valued personal friend. "Cressid" was born of a lyric impulse which grew into dramatic shape as soon as the lyric movement gained its way.

While I am writing of poets, I will add a word regarding Julia Ward Howe, for the reason that whatever the author of the famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic" says about the most desirable national hymn for America must be of value. With so many patriotic songs in use, she finds it difficult to select a special air for official occasions, but if such a selection is to be made, she thinks that the noblest lines ever written, and most suitable for such a purpose, are those of the Rev. Samuel F. Smith's "My Country 'tis of Thee." Between "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "Hail Columbia," her preference would lie with the former.

The last of earth of another prominent Boston woman has become ashes, the remains of Lucy Stone having been incinerated last Saturday afternoon. It was her own wish that her body should be the first to enter the retort of the first crematory erected in New England, the one just finished at Forest Hills, Boston, and therefore with little ceremony, and with very few people present, the strange and sad rites were performed.

BOSTON, 2 Jan., 1894.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

THE CHICAGO Society of Decorative Art is, I believe, the only institution of its kind in the country, and so generous are its aims that they are well worth celebrating. The Society was originally organized as an agency for the sale of embroideries and other decorative articles made chiefly by women. It became so successful and popular that it opened up a new branch of industry, and gave an outlet to much work which had hitherto found no market. But about four years ago, the Society sold out this business, which is, however, still carried on under that name, and organized itself on a different basis. At present the sole object of its existence is the purchase of embroideries and textile fabrics for presentation to the Art Institute. It has now about four hundred members, all women, and each of them contributes at least five dollars a year to the Society's fund. It has no club-rooms and offers no bait towards membership, except an occasional reception and the honor of enrolling for the public good. The women who have been most influential in shaping and controlling the Society are Mrs. John N. Jewett, who is now its President; Mrs. John J. Glessner, Mrs. S. M. Nickerson and Mrs. Dudley Wilkinson. Their work has been disinterested, and the existence of so unselfish a society is of itself a power for good.

On New Year's Day this Society gave a charming reception at the Art Institute to display for the first time the purchases made at the Columbian Exposition. To increase the interest in this exhibit, the Society secured a loan collection of portraits which is hung in the room adjoining that containing the embroideries. A number of beautiful paintings are displayed, but they are engulfed at first in the interest attaching to the curious and brilliant portrait of Mrs. Potter Palmer, painted by Anders Zorn. It is an overwhelming piece of work, so striking in its originality that it almost takes one's breath away. It is an "official" portrait, painted for the Board of Lady Managers, and Mr. Zorn has represented the President standing, gavel in hand, arrayed in white satin and wearing a tiara of diamonds. There is so little color in the portrait that its first effect is almost ghastly; the face of the sitter is white, her hair is nearly so, her hands are covered with white gloves, and she stands thus on a polished wood floor against a background of shadows. To the right a window looks out upon a mass of brilliant green, and the illuminating effect of this color is miraculous. The management of the light is extremely clever, especially in its effect upon the color of the curving train; and the entire picture is painted with the dash and brilliancy that are associated with the name of Zorn. It is a beautiful work of art, but, with the exception of the smiling mouth, it is not strikingly like the original. It certainly presents, however, more than one phase of Mrs. Potter's radiant personality; one would never question her womanliness, nor her title to precedence. The portrait has distinction, and there is no quality which is more elusive.

Besides this great canvas, which dominates everything in the room, there are many fine portraits. The range is wide, from Sir Thomas Lawrence's lovely, conventional mother and son to Henné's red-haired, richly-shadowed lady, or Chase's portrait of graceful, laughing "Alice." There are four clear-cut, jewel-like heads of David Neal's, a clever pastel sketch by Kaulbach, and several charming little portraits by Jacquet. The latter also has a portrait of his wife, palette in hand, and wearing a crêpe costume and a black ribbon about her throat. The dainty head is tossed back, and the portrait has a vivacity that is alluring. Carrolus-Duran's large portrait of Mrs. Watson Blair will probably be hung later, and there are two portraits by Cabanel, one of which, painted many years ago, is as lovely as a flower. It is sombre in color, but the exquisite face, with its suggestion of a smile at the corners of the mouth, looks vividly out of the dusky background. There are also interesting portraits by Hubert Vos and C. D. Wade and two by Eastman Johnson, that of Mrs. Carolyn being a good, straightforward, well-posed picture. Many beautiful miniatures are also exhibited.

In a room adjoining this, the embroideries and textile fabrics which the Society has presented to the Art Institute are displayed. They form an imposing show, for they have been selected with rare judgment and a keen appreciation of the beautiful in design and workmanship. The purchases made at the Columbian Exposition cannot be called in question, so distinctly do they carry their value on their face. One of them is a portière, made in Genoa in the seventeenth century, of deep red velvet ornamented with a rich design in light brown silk appliquéd. There are brocades which could teach many a lesson to a designer or to a colorist, and embroideries that should be an inspiration to our modern needle-women. A silver Koran-holder, an old pearl-studded buckle, Turkish and Persian embroidered shoes, and a gorgeous Bishop's mitre are a few of the recent acquisitions. The collection which the Society is making is already extremely valuable, a beautiful embroidered Sedan-chair and a number of French painted fans being

among the many treasures I have not mentioned. Besides being stimulating to many craftsmen and artists, this permanent exhibit will be a delightful education to the great unconscious public, which is willing to take its pills of instruction, if the sugar-coating is sufficiently thick.

An official report of the World's Congress of Representative Women, held in this city last May, will be issued within a month. It is being edited by Mrs. May Wright Sewall, who was Chairman of the committee of organization, and will be issued in one volume, for three dollars and a half, and in two volumes for five. It will contain a full report of the proceedings, besides digests of them and editorial comments; and it is to be illustrated with numerous portraits.

The Schulte Publishing Company is about to publish in durable form the papers read before the Congress of Anthropology, which was one of the most interesting and valuable gatherings of the summer. The price is now five dollars but it will probably be raised after publication.

CHICAGO, 2 Jan., 1894.

LUCY MONROE.

Some Letters Concerning the Fair

EUROPEAN IGNORANCE ON THE SUBJECT

YOUR LETTER of the 4th reached me only to-day, too late for me to write anything for printing in your paper. Even if I had received it in time, what I could have said would have been little to the purpose. I imagine that most of your responses must have been as monotonous as a chorus of angels in glory. The Chicago Fair was, in almost every respect, the greatest universal exposition ever seen; but in architectural beauty, and in the felicity of the disposition of its principal features, it so far transcended anything which the genius and the devotion of man have ever yet achieved, that it will probably be remembered and celebrated more for the incomparable splendor and loveliness of the *ensemble* than from any merit of details; the particular claims to admiration, great as they were, are likely to be neglected in the overpowering impression of grandeur and beauty made by the whole.

Perhaps the thing that has most impressed me has been the entire ignorance of Europe in regard to the matter. The most beautiful sight that has ever gladdened the eyes of humanity has shone for six months on the shores of Lake Michigan, and it is hardly too much to say that the rest of the world knows nothing, and refuses to know anything, about it. When we speak of it, we are met with incredulity, and a more or less polite lifting of the eyebrows. In the annual *revue* of one of the Paris theatres, it is represented as a *four gigantesque*. In this country, where they are continually talking of our worship of the Dollar, the Chicago Fair is summarily dismissed from notice as a failure, because the stockholders made no money out of it. They order these things better in France.

But it is not philosophical to quarrel about such matters. Contemporaneous history gives no account of the Crucifixion. Nobody knows anything about Shakespeare. The Chicago Exhibition has fared better, at least, than these two events, the most important in the history of the human mind. A great many millions of Americans have brought away from it higher and nobler standards of beauty and grandeur than they ever had before.

PARIS, 20 Nov., 1893. JOHN HAY.

"THE CLIFF-DWELLERS" AND THE FAIR

Some readers of "The Cliff-Dwellers" may suppose that the prevailing social and commercial life of Chicago is fairly represented by that depressing work of imaginative realism. Such persons, as well as we who know better, may find some comfort in discovering the author's real point of view, as revealed in his letter to *The Critic*, answering the question:—"What most impressed you at the World's Fair?" "The splendors of landscape and architecture, the marvels of invention, discovery and art; the magnificent earnestness of the visiting crowds, if not overlooked altogether, were unimpressive to this refined observer in comparison with the 'perpetual untidiness of the grounds,' caused by the general distribution of 'lunch and literature.' Thus he deliberately puts himself on record!

Is it fair to suggest (in Western phrase) that the gentleman must have viewed the Fair through a monocle? At least, his aesthetic eye must have been turned downward (surely not inward); rather than outward or upward.

So far as "The Cliff-Dwellers" is concerned, the patriotic Chicagoan need not be unduly gloomy about it, if its sordid disclosures bear the same proportion to the real life of the city that the banana-peels and wrapping-papers bore to the real "impressiveness" of the World's Fair. After all, the old philosopher was right: the eye sees what it brings with it the capacity for seeing.

CHICAGO, 4 Dec., 1893.

There is one "kick" that the soul of me longs to register against *The Critic*. Why, oh why, did you take the broad and easy road, along with C. D. Warner, *et al.*, in talking about the glories of the World's Fair? It is an unwarranted piece of impertinence, I know, but I cannot help reminding you of the essay on translating Homer. At the same time I give you a challenge. Can you show cause why the World's Fair, among the products of the nineteenth century, should not be classed with the creations of Imre Kiralfy?

CINCINNATI, 12 Dec., 1893.

N. S.

[If it should be so classed, the more honor to Kiralfy!—EDS. CRITIC.]

It was with some surprise that I failed to note in the letters on the World's Fair in your issue of Nov. 25 any reference to special features of the Transportation Exhibit. The Fair as an exposition of human progress was most directly impressive in the comparative exhibits of locomotives and specially in the New York Central's contrasting engines. This principle of obvious and emphasized contrast might well be made the controlling idea of a Fair to inaugurate the twentieth century. Every kind of human product should here be shown in the most direct comparison with the productions of 1890. A thoroughly adequate and clearly arranged exposition of this sort should be made a permanent possession of mankind and be transferred at every decade to some new city where special features and representative additions could be made, thus constituting—as opposed to our present wasteful lack of method—a rational system of World's Fairs in charge of an International Commission. Such an exposition would be a perpetual object lesson, educating man to the highest endeavor in all lines ***

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HIRAM M. STANLEY.

The Drama

Coquelin and Hadling

THIS IS a great year for the local stage. No sooner does Henry Irving leave us than his place is taken by Coquelin, and we are to see and hear Mounet-Sully before long. M. Coquelin, who must be accounted an old favorite, made his first appearance here this season, in Abbey's Theatre, on Monday last, acting the part of Labussière in Sardou's romantic melodrama "Thermidor," which was suppressed in Paris because of the manner in which it treated the Revolution. Here the piece is familiar, having been played in English in the Twenty-third Street Theatre, without creating undue excitement of any sort, although it attracted large numbers of spectators. The fact is that there is nothing epoch-making about it, although it is very cleverly written and constructed with the skill that long ago made its author rich and famous. It has at least two conspicuous merits, an interesting story and a character which enables M. Coquelin to display many of his very best abilities within a short space of time. The part of Labussière, indeed, was designed expressly for him, and this fact alone would be sufficient proof, if any were needed, of M. Sardou's extraordinary skill as a dramatic tailor.

Not that M. Coquelin is obliged, like too many of his younger contemporaries, to search for parts suited to his own personal characteristics. On the contrary, the range of his art is very wide; still, he has his limitations, and M. Sardou's ingenuity is displayed in his avoidance of all conditions in which any of them might become apparent. It is in the interpretation of the deeper emotions of the heart that the French actor comes nearest to failure, and the part of Labussière involves no sentiments more profound than those of friendship and compassion. On the other hand, it is brimful of bustle and excitement, of intrigue and action, of intellectual effort, readiness of device and Protean change; and it is, moreover, capable of broadly comic treatment. In other words, it is designed for the display of almost every phase of Coquelin's genius, from the moment when he first appears as an innocent and quaintly humorous angler in the first act, to the closing scene in which he strains every faculty to save one more innocent victim from the guillotine. He sustains the part from first to last with unflagging vivacity and energy, and with a perfection of technical execution which it would scarcely be possible to praise too highly. If, at times, he appears inclined to put a little too much reliance upon theatrical device, it must be remembered that Labussière was a comedian before he became the clerk of the Committee of Public Safety, and it will be seen that a small excess of theatrical emphasis is wholly appropriate to the character. M. Coquelin wins his first applause by his crisp and sonorous declamation of his long speech to Martial in the first act, but he gives the first taste of his true quality in the admirably vivid and picturesque description to Martial and Fabienne of the manner in which he uses his office to rob the scaffold of as many victims as possible. His greatest effect, of course, is wrought in the exceedingly strong scene wherein

the lover of Fabienne proposes to save her life by the substitution of another woman in her place, and finally succeeds in gaining Labussière's consent to the sacrifice. The agitation exhibited by M. Coquelin throughout this scene, which is one of extraordinary difficulty, was, in point of skill, acting of the most masterly sort, and his rapid changes of manner, his vehement objections, protestations and expostulations, intermingled with occasional touches of remorseful pathos, created a thrilling illusion. It was at this point that the full success of his performance, if it had ever been in doubt, was definitely assured.

While M. Coquelin is still in the full possession of all his remarkable powers, Jane Hading, evidently, has not yet reached her full development. In almost every respect she is a better actress than she was when she was last seen here, and there is every reason to believe that her artistic growth will continue. Her personal beauty, which is as striking as ever, is of inestimable benefit to her in a character like that of Fabienne, but the plaudits which she won were due, almost entirely, to her acting. Self-consciousness is still her besetting fault, but her style is much more free and natural than it used to be, and there is now in her emotional outbreaks a suggestion of true feeling which was wanting before. In her great scene in the second act, she depicted the struggle between love and religion with genuine power, and it is now plain that the praises recently bestowed upon her in Paris were well deserved. The part of the lover, Martial, is acted well and soundly, but not brilliantly, by M. Volny. The other characters, most of which are unimportant, are in competent hands, and the general representation is smooth and capable. All the scenery is new—a little too new, in fact—and the costumes are bright and pretty.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

THE National Free Art League has issued an appeal in behalf of free art, in which it states that works of art should be invited to, not repelled from, our shores, on account of their educational value, and that the era of the Chicago Exhibition should be marked in America by the abolition of the tax on art. The League counts 1100 American artists among its members. Among the signers of the appeal are J. Carroll Beckwith, William M. Chase, Kenyon Cox, H. Bolton Jones, Augustus St. Gaudens and Francis D. Millet.

—The press view of the sixteenth annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists will be held in the galleries of the American Fine Arts Society on Friday, March 9, the reception and private view will be on March 10, and the exhibition will be opened to the public from Monday March 12 to April 14. Alfred Q. Collins, Frederick W. Kost and Francis C. Jones form the hanging committee. The annual Webb Prize of \$300 for the best landscape painted by an American artist under forty years of age will be awarded by vote of the jury of eighteen of this exhibition, which will also select the painting in oil by an American artist, "containing one or more figures, to be purchased with the \$1500 of the Shaw Fund. Mr. Samuel T. Shaw is the donor of this fund.

—The Municipal Art Society of New York proposes to decorate free of expense to the city one of the court rooms in the new Criminal Court building, in Centre Street. As soon as the preliminaries and permit have been arranged the competition will be announced. It will be the first of many to be held under the direction of the Society. The competitions will be open to artists of both sexes. The Society is growing, and the prospects of securing a membership of 2000, for which it is striving, are excellent. The annual membership fee is \$5. It is expected that when the proposed competition takes place public interest will be attracted to the Society more than ever.

—The seventeenth volume of *The Magazine of Art* began with the December number. The issue for January, just received, contains a reproduction of Burne-Jones's "Love among the Ruins," the original of which, as is well-known, was damaged beyond restoration. The painter will make a replica of his masterpiece, but declares that the treatment will be different. The frontispiece is a photogravure of "A Pastoral" by R. C. W. Bunny, and among the illustrated articles is a most interesting essay on "Myths of the Dawn on Greek Vase-Painting." W. Telbin gives some new information about "Art in the Theatre," with illustrations of different ways of lighting the stage. Helen Zimmers discusses Adolf Hildebrand and his art, the text being accompanied by pictures of his work in marble and bronze, and Heseltine Owen concludes his "In Memoriam: Cecil Gordon Lawson." The Illustrated Note-Book contains portraits of Ford Madox Brown, Auguste Flameng and Charles Bell Birch, A.R.A., whom art has recently lost; and the monthly chronicle is filled, as always, with art news gathered from the four corners of the earth.

—Of the 134 plans for the new City Hall received by the Municipal Building Commission in response to its invitation addressed to architects in all parts of the world, not one has been judged satisfactory by the Advisory Committee of Architects. This Committee, composed of Prof. William R. Ware, Napoleon Le Brun and Edward H. Kendall, reported at a meeting of the Commission held in the Mayor's office on Dec. 30, that plans 13, 23, 29, 35, 107 and 113 were the best, but that whichever of them was selected finally would have to undergo considerable modifications before it could meet reasonable requirements in respect of either appearance or convenience.

—A correspondent of *The Magazine of Art* makes the following trenchant remarks apropos of the awards at Chicago:—"The dissatisfaction was shown clearly by the outcome in the Art Gallery, and by the large number of artists who withdrew their works from competition, because, in the first place, they had no respect for the system, and, in the second place, they had no respect for the 'diplomas.' * * * France, with its immense collection of paintings, water-colors, engravings and statuary, withdrew altogether, and so did Belgium; among the United States artists no fewer than 198 * * * refused to be considered in competition. To crown the ridiculousness * * * sixteen of these artists, after declining to have their works placed in competition, had the diplomas forced upon them by the jury. * * * The outcome is pitiable; * * * the report of the jury can furnish no basis from which to arrive at any idea as to the progress of the art, as to the comparative excellence from a national point of view, and still less as to individual excellence. * * * The awards are considered in America to carry little or no significance with them."

The Baroness Tautphœus

[The Evening Post]

BARONESS JEMIMA VON TAUTPHŒUS, author of the popular novels "The Initials," "Quits," "At Odds," and "Cyrilla," died at Munich on November 12, in the eighty-sixth year of her age. Her maiden name was Montgomery, and she was of Irish birth, with a strain of Scotch blood in her veins. In 1836 she visited Munich, where she married Baron von Tautphœus. The fruit of this union was one son, who died some eight years ago as Bavarian Ambassador at Rome. The shock occasioned by the sudden death of their only child so affected her husband that he fell into a decline and expired a few weeks later. Baroness von Tautphœus was a cousin of Maria Edgeworth, and one of the pleasantest and most vivid recollections of her youth was her association with this charming lady and with the versatile and somewhat eccentric Lady Morgan. She was endowed in an eminent degree with the fresh and kindly humor which is the heirloom of her race, and which in her case age could not wither nor the severest blows of fate wholly destroy. It was this genial quality which in her childhood and early maidenhood caused her family and friends to pun on her name and call her "the gem." Her novels, like Jane Austen's, have taken the rank of English classics, and seem to have suffered no diminution in popularity during the forty years that have elapsed since she published her first work of fiction. Edition has succeeded edition with remarkable regularity up to the present time, and only a few weeks before her decease a new German translation of "Quits" appeared at Weimar, and was warmly greeted by the German press. It is also pleasant to note that she received from the sale of her works in the United States, where there was no legal obligation to pay her anything, a much larger sum than from her London publisher.* In her contract with the latter she was far too modest, and consented to accept whatever pittance he chose to offer, so that her pecuniary compensation was very trifling, and bore no proportion to the literary and commercial value of her writings. A like modesty led her persistently to refuse to furnish editors of biographical dictionaries and compilers of cyclopedias with any information concerning her life; to the numerous applications of the kind received she uniformly replied that her place in literature was not sufficiently conspicuous to render personal items of this sort of any interest to the general public. For this reason her name nowhere appears in such books of reference, and not the slightest sketch of her life derived from authentic sources has ever been printed. No urgency on the part of her friends could overcome this native reserve; even her husband knew nothing of her literary work or ever saw her engaged in it, and was as surprised as any stranger would have been when the finished volumes lay on the table before him. After his death she shrank from forming new acquaintances, and confined her social intercourse to a sympathetic circle composed of her nearest kin and a few congenial friends. She now lies at rest by his side in the family vault at their country-seat, Castle Marquardstein, in the Bavarian Highlands.

* Her American publishers were Henry Holt & Co.—Eds. Carric.

Notes

WITH THE New Year, Mr. Oswald Weber, Jr., severs his connection with The Critic Co., to become the publisher of *Far and Near* and *The Charities Review*, and to conduct a general advertising business on his own account. His office is at 105 East 22d Street—the United Charities Building. During his ten years' association with *The Critic*, Mr. Weber has made a host of friends in New York and elsewhere, whose good will must be invaluable to him in his new field of activity. We wish him the success he is certain to deserve and to achieve.

—“The Manxman,” Hall Caine’s new novel, begins serial publication in *The Queen* at the beginning of the year. It is a modern companion to “The Deemster,” not its sequel.

—Miss S. H. Whedon writes to us as follows:—“So much just cause for righteous indignation and national modesty is given by our American press, that it seems a pity to have the critical arrows of our foreign friends aimed in the wrong direction. Such, according to your Boston correspondent, seems to have been the case, when Prince Wolkonsky pronounced the reports of the Parliament of Religions in the Chicago papers meagre. Possibly in Russia, where religion and politics are merged, the press is expected to give exclusive attention to this burning question, but to us free-thinking Americans, the action of the Chicago press in reporting the Parliament seems highly commendable. One paper gave *verbatim* all the papers read, several others gave nearly as full reports, and all devoted considerable editorial space to the various phases of the religious Congresses. One feels like asking how much more they could have done, and kept within the limits of news.”

—An uncut copy of the first edition of Gray’s “An Elegy Wrote in a Country Churchyard,” published in 1751 at sixpence, was sold recently by Messrs. Sotheby & Co., London, for 74*l*. A first edition of “The Vicar of Wakefield” fetched 54*l*. and Grimm’s “German Stories” 33*l*. 10*s*. A copy of Tennyson’s Poems, issued as the joint production of the Laureate and Hallam, which it seems probable belonged to the latter, realized 16*l*. 10*s*.; Coverdale’s Bible, 31*l*. and another more imperfect copy 20*l*. 10*s*.; “The Report of the Challenger Expedition,” 48*l*.; the first edition of Wordsworth’s “Descriptive Sketches in Verse,” 26*l*.; two proof-sheets of “St. Ronan’s Well,” with corrections and additions by the author, 21*l*.; and the original autograph of Burns’s “Queen Mary’s Lament,” 35*l*. 10*s*.

—Another “George” has been added to the pseudonyms of feminine novelists. Mrs. Clairmonte, the author of “Keynotes,” has adopted the name of “George Egerton,” following the example set by George Eliot, George Sand and George Fleming.

—“The pathos or really tear-starting part of the copyright records relates to poetry,” says *The Washington Star*. “There are more books of poems in the National Library than the most careful and diligent student of American literature can imagine, and the sad thing about it is that by all odds the greatest number of these books are published by the authors themselves. In every other class of literature the copyrighted publications are mostly by large publishing-houses; but the poor poet, who appears to be the most persistent of all producers, appears to have to feed upon his own fancies and pay his own bills.

—Macmillan will publish in January Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole’s Life of the late Sir Harry Parkes. It is in two volumes, the second having been written in collaboration with Mr. F. V. Dickins. The biography, it is said, contains some curious information for those interested in the inquiries of the Opium Commission.

—Ernest Lambert, assistant editor of *The Forum*, died on Dec. 30 at Southern Pines, N. C., where he had spent some time in search of health. He was born in October, 1863, in the Island of Jersey, and came to New York while yet a youth. He did his first work on *The New York World* thirteen or fourteen years ago, and was for some time editor of *The Panama Star and Herald*. On his return to the United States he did journalistic work on *The Montreal Gazette*, *The Chicago Times* and *The Tribune*, with which he was connected for several years. Less than a year ago he became assistant editor of *The Forum*, where his journalistic experience, ripe judgment and sterling character were highly appreciated. He was a man of great experience, an unusually wide range of accurate information, at home in the literature of several languages, and a scholar of untiring industry.

—Walter de Brisac, the man who was said to be the original of Charles Dickens’s *Barnaby Rudge* died lately in Chatham, England. He was a packman by profession, and was educated far in advance of his class. Dickens, while living at Gad’s Hill, often strolled into Chatham and held many conversations with the man, who was a clever talker. Brisac always dressed in the costume of the Georgian period.

—The bequest in the will of the late Mrs. Robert L. Stuart, leaving \$1,000,000 to the Boards of Home and Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, will be applied to the building of the Presbyterian Mission House, for which a site has been purchased at the northwest corner of Fifth Ave. and 20th Street. The building will be eleven stories high, the ground, second and third floors to be constructed for business purposes. Each of the two Boards will occupy an entire floor, and the building will probably also shelter the Church Erection Board and the Publication Society of the missionary boards. There will be an auditorium capable of seating 500, to be used for church reunions, educational and religious conventions, etc.; committee rooms, a meeting place for local clergymen, and reception and meeting rooms for the officers of the church and out-of-town and foreign ministers. The building will probably be ready about May, 1895, and part of the expenses, which will amount to about \$1,700,000, will be covered by the sale of Lenox Hall, the present home of the Boards, at Fifth Ave. and 12th Street.

—In November of this year, Nuremberg will celebrate with a great national festival the four-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Hans Sachs.

—The annual dinner in honor of Benjamin Franklin given by the Printers’ Association of New York (the *Typothetze*) will take place, as usual, at the Hotel Brunswick, on Wednesday, January 17, Franklin’s birthday. Among the guests will be Henry Watterson, Paul Dana, Thomas L. James, Joe Howard, Gen. Woodford, Frederic Taylor, Paul B. Du Chaillu, Major Z. K. Pangborn, Stilson Hutchins, Col. John A. Sleicher and others. The Rev. Dr. Maynard will respond to the toast to Franklin.

—It is said that the fly-leaf of an odd volume of Emerson’s works accidentally picked up by Prof. Tyndall at an old book-stall—a volume which first made him acquainted with the writings of the New England seer—bears this inscription, “Purchased by inspiration.”

—The six days’ tournament between Columbia, Harvard, Yale and Princeton for the intercollegiate chess championship cup resulted in Columbia’s retaining the cup, Harvard winning second place. The final score of games won was as follows: Columbia 84, Harvard 7, Yale 5, Princeton 3.

—William King-Noel, Earl of Lovelace, Byron’s son-in-law and the descendant of other writers of ability, died in Surrey on Dec. 29. He never fulfilled the promise given in his youth, but his daughter, Lady Anne Isabella King-Noel, attained some reputation as an author, her talent being traceable, of course, to her maternal grandfather’s genius as well as to the King ancestry. Her oldest brother, Byron-Noel, after a short career in London, went to Deal, where he worked as a common laborer until his death. The present Earl of Lovelace’s claim to literary distinction is based on his connection with “Dudu” Fletcher, the novelist.

—The celebration of the eighty-fourth birthday of Mr. Gladstone draws renewed attention to the group of notable men born in the year 1809. Among them were Poe (Jan. 19), Mendelssohn (Feb. 3), Darwin and Lincoln (Feb. 12), Jules Favre (Mar. 21), Tennyson (Aug. 6), Dr. Holmes (Aug. 29), and Mr. Gladstone, who joined these immortals at the eleventh hour (Dec. 29).

—Among Chas. Scribner’s Sons’ new books are “Civilization during the Middle Ages,” by Prof. George B. Adams of Yale, who treats the subject especially in its relation to modern civilization; “Philosophy of History—France,” the first of three volumes by Prof. Robert Flint of Edinburgh, dealing with the intellectual development of France, Germany, Italy and England; and a treatise on the phenomena and development of human mental life, “Psychology, Descriptive and Explanatory,” by Prof. George Trumbull Ladd. A new bundle of essays by Augustine Birrell, “Men, Women and Books,” is also ready.

—The Rev. Dr. Marvin R. Vincent addressed the members of the Century Club, on the night of Dec. 30, on the life and works of the late Dr. Philip Schaff, whom he praised as “a genial and engaging companion, no less than a learned theologian, a devout Christian and a ripe scholar. Indeed, it is that breadth, that catholicity, that many-sided, intelligent sympathy which furnish the key to his wide reputation, and, in a very important sense, to his character and work.”

—Under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, Mr. George Riddle will give a course of six dramatic readings from Shakespeare, Goethe and Victor Hugo on the six successive Friday afternoons beginning with Jan. 19 and the Saturday evenings following them. The readings will be from “A Midsummer Night’s Dream,” “Anthony and Cleopatra,” “Lucrezia Borgia,” “The Tempest,” “Macbeth” and “Faust,” the first, third and sixth to be given with orchestral music.

The publication, in London, of two translations of Giacomo Leopardi's "Essays, Dialogues and Thoughts," will be welcomed by "lovers of good literature. Niebuhr and Bunsen in Germany, Sainte-Beuve in France and Mr. Gladstone and Matthew Arnold in England have all called attention to this sad, cynical thinker and satirist, but hitherto he has been practically unknown among English and American readers. He died at Naples in 1837.

The Rev. Wm. Chauncy Langdon, D.D., will give the second of his course of three lectures on the Italian Revolution in the chapel of the Union Theological Seminary, Park Avenue and 69th Street, on Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 11:30 A. M. The subject will be "The Religious Issues and the Catholic Reformers of the Italian Revolution." The third lecture, on "The Present Conditions and Probable Future of the Papacy," will be given on Jan. 24, and the two lectures promise to be as interesting as was the first one, Dr. Langdon being a thorough master of his subject. The lectures are free to the public.

With its January number *Current Literature* returns to its old quarto size, which is much more distinctive than the octavo. Mr. William George Jordan, the former editor, has also returned and reintroduced some of the best features of the old publication.

During December a number of scientific societies held their annual meetings, read papers, discussed them, and elected officers for the coming year. On the 27th the New York Mathematical Society met in Hamilton Hall, Columbia College, and listened to an address, by Prof. Simon Newcomb of Johns Hopkins University, on "Modern Mathematical Thought." The officers elected for the year are: President, Dr. Emory McClintock; Vice-President, G. W. Hill; Secretary, Dr. Thomas S. Fitch, Columbia College; Treasurer, Harold Jacoby. The American Psychological Society met also on that date at Columbia College, the papers being on "The Psychological Standpoint," by Prof. Fullerton; "The Case of John Bunyan," by Prof. Josiah Royce; "Contributions from the Psychological Laboratory of Columbia College," by Prof. Cattell; "Experiments in Visual Memory," by H. C. Warren; "Studies from Harvard Laboratory," by Prof. Hugo Münsterberg; "An Early Anticipation of Mr. Fiske's Doctrine as to the Meaning of Infancy," by Prof. N. M. Butler; and "Do We Ever Dream of Tasting?" by Prof. D. S. Muller. President Ladd delivered the annual address. The American Jewish Historical Society began its annual convention on the same day in the Law School of the same college, President Strauss delivering the address. Max Kohler read a paper on "Phases of Jewish Life in New York before 1800," from which we learn that the first Hebrew congregation assembled in this city was Sheriff Israel in 1739. On the 28th the American Society of Naturalists gathered at New Haven, and resolved to petition Congress to put on the free list all scientific instruments used for instruction and research. The Physiological and Morphological Societies held meetings on the same date, and so did the American Chemical Society, which met in Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. The Modern Language Association gathered at the Columbian University, Washington, also on the morning of the 28th, to listen to an address by Prof. Thomas R. Price on "King Lear: a Study in Shakespeare's Method of Dramatic Construction," and the system of teachers' associations in this State expanded itself at almost the same moment in Syracuse by the organization of the principals of the grammar schools in the various cities.

Walter Crane has applied his talent to the edification and entertainment of little folks in "Walter Crane's Absurd A.B.C.," "Walter Crane's Noah's Ark Alphabet" and "Walter Crane's Baby's Own Alphabet," published by George Routledge & Sons.

The Hakluyt Society of London has just issued to members "Early Voyages and Travels in the Levant," being the diary of Master Thomas Dallam, 1599-1600, and extracts from the diaries of John Covell, 1670-1679, with some account of the Levant Company of Turkey Merchants, edited by J. Theo. Bent, F.S.A., F.R.G.S. "The Voyages of Foxe and James to Hudson's Bay," edited by Miller Christy, is also announced for early publication. The Society was established for the purpose of printing rare and unpublished voyages and travels, and issues two volumes yearly.

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